

THAT TALL DARK WOMAN IN MY LIFE

The fortune teller lady
shuffle the whole deck
and she draw out one

And she say:
Let me see here--
I see ... a tall dark woman

And I say: Is that so?
You is a tall dark
woman yourself
-- you let me see that card

And I pick it up
and there it is --

The King of Hearts

And now it is rounded out
with the shape of my ass
carrying it around
in my empty billfold

Though he still do not
look like to me
a tall dark woman

BARLEY ALE

Ale sodden
she slept with me

And I deflowered her
consoling her
with visions of a son

And she grew round

The moon, the
moon grew round

She bore her twin
in triplet form

The ale grown bitter
in thrice bright white

-- Mason Jordan Mason

c/o Judson Crews/ Wharton, Texas

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

I am waiting for the sea
to cover Iowa,
and for the pigs
to dress in tartans
and march on Washington,
and for the sad corn,
so long neglected,
to bury Miami Beach
with their redeeming husks.